

Shattered Love

by claphael

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Summary: Clary finds herself switching places with Magnus to live in the Dumort with Raphael but it isn't all cakes and biscuits because Clary's evil brother is after her. Mature content. clary/raphael pairing

1. surprise visit

****HELLO PERSON OF THE INTERNET! i can see you *chuckles darkly* THAT WAS CREEPY I SHOULD JUST STOP *face-palms self* ANYWAY NEW STORY! AND BY MY NAME YOU CAN PROBABLY TELL ITS A CLAPHAEL! *whoop whoop* I ABSOLUTELY LOVE CLAPHAEL AND THERE ARE HARDLY ANY IN THE WORLD FOR ME TO READ (counting 20-more) SO I'VE TAKEN IT UPON MYSELF TO MAKE RAPHAEL/CLARY! I DO WARN YOU THAT THESE CHAPTERS WILL BE SHORT BECAUSE I'M LAZY****

****ENJOY!****

I was walking home from the Institute and was thinking about how one day me and everyone i love will be dead (i know i'm so dark) like even Simon and Magnus will die some day and that will be pretty soon with my sadistic demon brother on the lose. It was pretty dark out seeing as it was quarter to nine but I was so wrapped up in my strange imagination my awesomeness managed to walk into a hard chest. I looked up and it turned out to be Raphael. "You have to be in deep thought to not notice me beautiful self" He spoke in a thick Spanish accent gesturing at himself.

"Yeah yeah" i said "Sorry about that" Raphael just smirked at me "What were you thinking about?" I questioned with myself whether i should tell him or not and agreed to tell him "The inevitability of death" i said and he just looked, i mean he looked at me like i killed his cat! i could practically hear his thoughts going on in his head _she's a pysco, dammit Raphael why do you always get mixed up with these sorts of people?_ But it turns out that wasn't the case

for his face went back to neutral and he answered back "And i thought i was the only one who did that"

I couldn't help but brake into a huge goofy grin but quickly wiped it off my face when i remembered that this was the guy who killed Simon and still wants to kill him. "Is there a reason you're here Raphael?" I asked with a business like tone of voice, i just stare at him until he tells me what he wants. "Okay, i have Magnus and if you don't trade yourself for him he'll pay the price"

"What? why do i have to come with you?" Clary was in a panic she didn't know why any of this was happening, she already had enough on her plate as it is. "You'll find out later, right now you just to need to look at the good options: The Dumort is safe so your protected from your brother and you'll save Magnus' life"

"Fine i'll come with you but you have to let Magnus go and let me see him" Raphael pondered over this for a while and agreed to the terms. He picked Clary up bridal style and set off at full vampire speed to the Dumort where he had lots of plans for he and Clary tonight.

2. the trade

****HEY GUYS! CHAPTER 2! POKEMON I CHOOSE YOU! i have no idea why i did that *shaking head in shame* ANYWAY IN THIS CHAPTER WE MEET MAGGIE! YAY! IN THE NEXT CHAPTER IS THE MAGNIFICENT START OF CLAPHAEL! WHOOP WHOOP! ANYWAY ON WITH THE STORY:)****

****ENJOY!****

When we got to the Dumort i was _soooo _nervous and then i just thought er why not? so i popped on my poker face and made my way down the cellar where Magnus was. "Are you going to tell me why i'm here?" i asked Raphael when we were half way down the staircase "After we see the Warlock so we can talk somewhere private" Was the only response he gave so i huffed in irritation to which he just chuckled at.

The cellar was an old corridor with a bunch of rooms facing each other, the wallpaper was a moldy yellow and the floor was covered in mud and rat droppings. We made it to the last door on the left and Raphael ushered me inside where 4 vampires were and a very annoyed Magnus, on a bed, attached to the post in chains, which i was guessing didn't let him use his magic other wise he would have been well out of there.

Once both me and Raphael were inside he told the vampires to leave and closed to the door behind them. "Okay so you've seen Magnus so we'll let him go in the exchange for yourself, that's if you want to help him" Raphael taunted "Yes i want to trade myself for him but what makes you think my friends and _boyfriend _won't come and get me?" i asked him dragging out the boyfriend part so he wouldn't get any ideas, Magnus smirked and chuckled at my comment but Raphael wouldn't let it get to him 'cause he had other plans for him and Clary.

"Well you see hermosa Magnus is an old friend of mine and he helped me out once a while ago and made himself apart of this clan (long story don't ask) and if you trade yourself in your friends won't be

able to get you because it would be going against the accords" He explained as i started to feel insecure and a little bit confused "But Simon is apart of your clan and it's pretty obvious that you don't like him so why not make me swap with him instead?" i asked

"When Rat-Face decided he didn't want to be a vampire and have anything to do with the clan, we tried to change his mind but he was persistent and choose against it so he automatically is not a member of this clan" Raphael finished "So you made your choice yet?" He asked. i had to help Magnus and the way things were going it didn't seem like he had any intentions of hurting me and he did say the Dumort was on high alert due to my brother so i would be protected.

"Alright i will stay, now let Magnus go or i'll change my mind" i ordered and he just nodded and went back to open the door and in came a women, she had cat eyes so i was guessing she was a Warlock, she was a very tall and had black hair that went a ridiculously long length down to her ankles, covering herself from neck to middle calf was a leopard fury coat which looked completely ridiculous, she sauntered over to Magnus and flicked her hands at him and a purple smoke shot out and found it's way into his nose and mouth, he dropped down on the bed and you would have thought he was dead if t wasn't for the rise and fall of his chest.

I started to panic though as i was unsure of what happened to poor Magnus "What did you do?" I asked, frantically looking between the two. Raphael put a hand on my shoulder as a kind gesture to calm my nerves and replied smoothly "Relax, she just wiped his memories of being here so he should sleep for a couple of hours. I'll get some of the Vampires to take him back before sun rise" I calmed down a little bit but only a little bit as a thought kept nagging at my brain as Raphael led me up lots of staircases _no-one will know i'm here, he's going to kill me i know it, maybe i made a bad decision agreeing to stay here. _

3. truths

****ME AND MY FANDABULOUS BRAIN YEAH! ME AND MY FANDABULOUS BRAN YEAH! IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHATS HAPPENING THEN YOU PROBABLY THINK I'VE LOST MY MARBLES BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT'S HAPPENING: I'M DANCING CAUSE I LOVE WRITING THIS! WHOOP! RIGHT NOW I HAVEN'T EVEN POSTED THESE SO I DON'T KNOW IF YOU GUYS LIKE THEM SO TELL ME! YEAH! I WANNA HERE YOUR COMMENTS! WARNING: MAJOR SMUT THIS CHAPTER LIKE ELBOWS DEEP IN IT! ANYWAY ON WITH THE STORY! (i doubt anyone reads these anyways) TEEHEE!****

****ENJOY!****

As we got higher up the Dumort it got fancier and cleaner so you can imagine how fancy and clean it was in Raphael's little-not-so-little apartment (is it an apartment? hotel room?) at the very top of the hotel, I must say vampires have class. When we walked through the door it was like walking into wonderland; in the center of the room were two couches both a leather black with a white blanket on the back rest and two pillows at the side, a coffee table and a flat screen T.V. Glass cases with valuable antiques inside were scattered around the room and up against the wall close to the entering door

was Raphael's desk, all in all it was a very spaced out room.

Too the left was an opening to a kitchen "Seriously? you're a vampire and this has a kitchen?" i asked surprised he just replied nonchalantly "Well this was a hotel before it went out of business" there wasn't a door where the entrance was and next to it was a wall and a chefs serving sill, everything in there was either black or white, mostly white though mostly white and it was very modern: A kitchen island was in the middle of the room and all around it against the walls were counters, stoves, sinks and cupboard. On the ceiling was pots and pans on a metal railing and LED pendant lamps.

As soon as i finished my search of the kitchen i made my way to the door on the far wall and found that it was the bedroom. Against the wall the door was facing was a king bed with white sheets and black duvet and pillows, on the floor in front of that was a white rug and to the side of the room was a tall, purple lava lamp, it wasn't on but when the lights would go out it would illuminate the room.

Too each side of the bed was a door, to the right the door opened to a bathroom with a huge tub fit for four people and it had a shower head in it so they were a two in one, going around on top of the tub was a glass case and an opening door. in the room to the left was a sink and rectangular mirror on top of it, next to the sink was a toilet which was also white as the whole room. In the left door was a walk in wardrobe with two parts on either side, one side was filled with Raphael's shirts, pants, shoes and suits and on the other was filled with women's dresses, shirts, skirts, pants and accessories.

As i examine the cloths more closely i realize with a start that they are all my size and colored to match my crazy red hair. I hear Raphael chuckle behind me and i turn to confront him but before i get the chance his lips are on mine, i gasp and pull back "Why?" i whisper, he just sighs and leads me to the bedroom "Because i love you" he answers and and i can tell that he meant it because of the serenity in his voice "Ever since i saw you in Magnus' party i knew i did so i took Simon for you to get but you came with Jace and i saved him for you when he came back to the Dumort" He waited for me to reply but i was shocked, i had no idea he felt like that.

Some reason i found myself kissing him back and putting my hands in his hair, he pushed me down on the bed still kissing me and climbed on top keeping himself from crushing me with his elbows, he ripped his top of and then mine soon followed, my hands worked there way down to his belt and slowly undid it, some how he ended up in just our underwear and i was rubbing his already hard member through the material and was breathing heavily from the hard kisses and anticipation.

Our cloths soon hit the floor and he was marveling at her chest and womanhood, i suddenly became very self conscious and tried to cover up but Raphael was having non of it "Never hide yourself from me" He started kissing my neck "Man you're so beautiful" I felt a big bulge at the inside of my thigh and chuckled a bit "Raphael, could you go easy on me, I've never done this before" i whispered the last bit to myself and a huge grin spread across his face "Of course" and with that he slowly slid into her, my head went back against the pillow as a pain spread through my lower regions which quickly turned to

pleasure, i thrust up against him and i was rewarded with a groan "Faster" i said soon we were a bundle of moans and limbs and i was close to the edge.

"I'm gonna-ohhh...i'm" i managed to get out and Raphael just sped up his actions, the tightening in my stomach was becoming unbearable and i found myself letting go to an earth shattering orgasm "RAPHAEL!" i screamed,a few more thrusts later and he soon followed screaming my name. We spent the next week repeating the action only getting up to have food and Raphael drinking from bottles.

4. A new friend

****HI MY LITTLE SUGAR PLUMS! SORRY FOR THE DELAY; I GOT LAZY. DAMN STICKY KEYS ARE DISABLING ME FROM WRITING FOR YOU TO ENJOY! SO BLAME IT ON THE COMPUTER. STUPID 'W' WON'T WORK. KIND OF A FILLER CHAPTER AND LATE 'CAUSE I'M ALSO DOIN' A NEW CLABASTIAN STORY. BTW THIS IS SET AFTER CoLS****

****DISCLAIMER: DON'T OWN TMI OR CHARACTER SAVE MY OC'S****

****ENJOY****

My first week at the Dumort had been the same; eating and going to the restroom when needed but mostly staying in bed doing things i dare not speak of. It was a lazy Thursday and Raphael had gone on a 'business trip' in Idris being the vampire representative and all, so i was just slobbering on the couch watching old movies. I had woken up to a very aggravated Raphael muttering curses about the Clave and how annoying their timing was. He gave me a kiss on the forehead and left saying it was important. After that she through on some yoga pants and one of Raphael's shirts, pulling his quilt into the living area and had stayed there ever since.

A knock on the door brought me back from my reverie. A tall brunette with blue eyes and bangs came in wearing a very revealing dress that came to her mid thigh and popped up her bust, she was beautiful. When she spotted me on the couch she came over with a frown at seeing me in such a mess, even he way she moved was sexy. "Hello" the girl greeted with a kind smile "I'm Margret, Raphael sent me to make sure your not bored or anything" I decided the girl was nice and genuine, all though her clothing said different"I'm Clary- eh- and yeah- nice to meet you Margret" I stuttered. The way the girl was intimidating me and i just didn't know what i should say, no matter how nice she was.

Margret just gently laughed and moved to sit next to me "You look like a mess" she replied on a whole other subject. _Yeah maybe not so genuine after all._ I scolded myself and went into bitch mode "Well thanks" i replied bitterly "Oh no i didn't mean it like that" Margret corrected herself " I meant that maybe you could come to my room and i'll fix you up or something. My roommates about your size so we could find you a dress" She remarked looking me up and down looking like she was talking to herself about it.

"Oh, i don't really wear dresses i'm more of a jeans and T-shirts sort of person" i said nervously. She just nodded and held out her hand to lead me to the front door "And i already have loads of

clothes in the wardrobe" i pointed to the bedroom with my thumb behind my shoulder. "Then why are you...?" she trailed off looking at my lazy clothes and deciding it would not be best to insult Raphael's girlfriend.

We headed to the bedroom which was covered in cloths and knocked over furniture, you could even see a little blood on the bed due to the covers being in the living room. Margret took it all in wide eyed and i blushed the same fiery crimson red my hair was. Instead of commenting on it she walked to the wardrobe and headed inside waiting for me to follow.

It turns out Margret is a Isabelle 2.0. She loves fashion and shopping and is very talkative. We talked about ourselves, each taking turn to share information, there were a lot of interesting facts about her. She told me how she got turned into a vampire and her life before while she did my hair into a messy side kipper plat and choose out my clothes, she told me what she did here at the Dumort which was the medic while i changed into black Suedette multi strap heels, skinny blue jeans and a mossy green colored blouse.

I told her my story too, leaving out the bit about my brother trying to rape me, even though almost every body knew whats been going on (not the rape) while she applied light amounts of concealer, eye shadow and mascara. I really liked Margret, and i thought that maybe we could be good friends

End
file.